The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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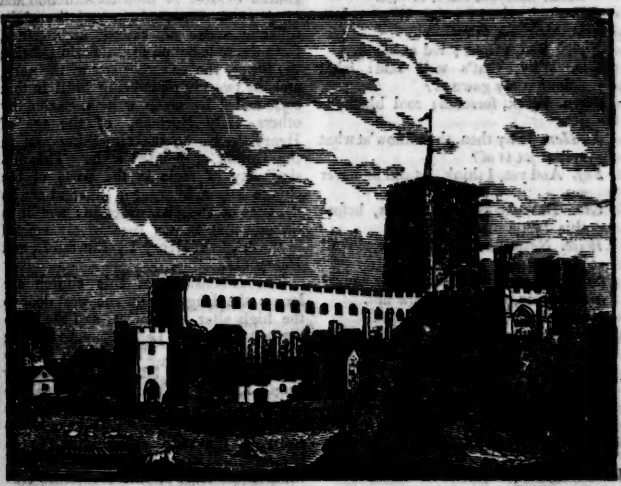
Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. III.

ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH.



St. Albans, an ancient town in the county of Hertford, and situated twenty-one miles from London, is celebrated in the early history of this country. It was the Verulamium of the Romans which the British heroine Boadicea laid in ashes, after she had caused 70,000 Romans to bite the dust; here also had Cassibelaunus been defeated by Cæsar, and it was in the vicinity of this town that two memorable engagements were fought between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

These are events which would be sufficient to render St. Albans memorable, had the town not received that certain passport to posterity, a notice by Shakspeare, in his Play of Henry the Sixth. In the second part of this Play, Act. II. the scene is laid at St. Albans, where King Henry, Queen Margaret, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, the Duke of Suffolk and others are then residing. While in conversation an inhabitant of St. Albans approaches, crying out "a miracle." The Duke of Suffolk inquires what miracle, and is answered by an inhabitant.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

The Mayor *enters with his Brethren, accompanied by* Simpcox, *borne by two men in a Chair, and his* Wife. *The* King, *the* Queen, *and several others question him.*

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good St. Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

The fellow pleads lameness, and says he was born blind.

Glo. A subtle knave! But yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—Wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all's impossible.—
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would you not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs!

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

The BEADLE *is sent for, and he is ordered to whip the fellow until he leaps over a stool, which he does, and then runs away followed by the people, who cry, "A Miracle! a Miracle!"*

This scene is founded on a story related by Sir Thomas More, who states, that he learnt it from his father; the impostor's name is not mentioned, but it is stated that he was detected by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in the way mentioned by Shakspeare. The shrine of St. Albans is in the church—one of the most venerable piles of ecclesiastical antiquity in the environs of London, since by a fine of £400. it escaped the destruction which befell nearly all the conventical churches in the reign of Henry VIII.

The church is in the shape of a long cross, and consists of an embattled bell-tower, a nave, choir, Lady Chapel, and two transepts. The different parts of this church exhibit in their construction and ornaments, characteristic varieties of the different styles of church architecture, from the rude Saxon to the florid Gothic; the tower, the eastern parts of the nave, and the two transepts being built in that style called by some writers Saxon, by others, early Norman, of the age of Henry the First; the remaining part in the Gothic or pointed style. This dissimilarity of style in the parts of the church seems to argue a different era in the time of their construction: and it is thought that it was successively erected in the reigns of Henry I., Edward I., and Henry III.

The dimensions of this church are large; the length from the west door to the high altar is 411 feet, and then into the east end of the Lady Chapel 189 feet; in all 600 feet. The breadth of the transept is nearly 92 feet, its extreme length 174 feet. The nave with its aisles is 74 feet and a half broad.

Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, was buried in this church, though his remains were not discovered until towards the close of the seventeenth century, when some workmen digging a vault, struck against a small stone staircase of four or five steps, which on examination, was found to lead to a more ancient vault. In this vault they found a leaden coffin, containing the Duke's body, embalmed in a liquor of a brown colour. In consequence of this, the staircase with the vault and all its contents were opened to the view of the public, and a trap door being placed over it, "Duke Humphrey's Vault in St. Albans' Abbey," became a mine of wealth to the parish clerk for a long series of years, until, at length the embalming liquor became exhausted, by exposure to the air, and all the bones of the skeleton were either mouldered into dust or carried away. High on the wall that closes the south aisle, and near the shrine of St. Alban, are the Duke's arms surmounted by a coronet, and beneath an appropriate inscription.

The view of St. Albans is copied from an ancient drawing by Levens, a disciple of Rembrandt.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The Manual Finger or Dumb Alphabet* I have sent, in hopes that you will insert the same in your widely-circulated and respectable paper, that, together with the following remarks, may stimulate every parent and schoolmaster in Great Britain to endeavour to relieve that class of unfortunates—*the Deaf and Dumb*—against whose universal education so much prejudice has been excited, by a set of men who have done every thing in their power to depreciate and vilify, one of the greatest men France ever produced—the late Abbé de l'Epée. This great and ever to be lamented priest was, on his death, succeeded by his pupil, the late Abbé Sicard, who succeeded him in his office, as well as in the possession of all his books and manuscripts, as appears by his own language in his "Course of Instruction of one born Deaf and Dumb," which he published; wherein he says, "Receive our first homage O thou! who was the creator of that art which has produced such wonders. Oh! how dear to us ought to be the name of this holy priest, of this friend to humanity, who believed himself, with much reason, called by providence to this useful and difficult apostleship, devoted himself entirely to this work so worthy the tender piety which animated him all his life time. They will bless him for ever as their father, and thankful posterity will unite with them in honouring his memory, and in recommending him to the respect and homage of all generations.—For myself who have the honour to be his immediate successor, I who was a witness of his zeal, and whom he charged when dying to be the promoter of his work—if I have added to his successful endeavours, if I have extended this sublime discovery, if I have made of it a complete system, a theory, the principles of which are now invariable, I must declare that I have only worked for the glory of a master so justly celebrated, and that we owe to him all that may be found useful in this book. Here is the spirit of those oral lessons that I received from his friendship; in publishing them I only acquit, as *universal legatee*, a sacred debt. It is sufficient for me to have the magnificent title of disciple of this prodigious genius, who had no guide, no model, and whose first master-pieces astonished the city which was witness of them, and learned Europe to whom his fame introduced them."

This is the character the Abbé Sicard has given his master; a character which he was richly entitled to. Only let us see what this priest did to fulfil the trusts imposed upon him, and what additional glory he has added to his former laurels, by representing to the world at large by every possible means, in the biographical works published in France, and with the assistance of teachers of the Deaf and Dumb Asylums in this country, to induce all the Encyclopedias in Great Britain to misrepresent the character of the good Abbé de l'Epée, and state that his system was good for nothing—that he taught his pupils "words by signs" and not "words by things," and suppressed all his valuable books and manuscripts. This is the *universal legatee*, who on the death of the donor did all he could to vilify his character; and after doing so to a most shameful extent, by attempting to impose upon the public a fabricated letter which he says the good Abbé wrote to him, wherein he acknowledged that he taught his pupils only to write, under the dictation of signs, without their knowing either question or answer, and after all such fallacies, he had the impudence to add another, the greatest of all, in the following words:—"But does it become a scholar to push his master so hard, above all when he told me frequently that his success satisfied all Europe, and that so great a glory ought to be sufficient for those who wished to imitate him;" adding this modest confession, moreover, "I have found the glass, and you are destined to make the spectacles!"

To prove the fallacy of this assertion, I refer the reader to the books published by the good Abbé de l'Epée, in which there is not a single sentence to justify the imputation of so gross a calumny. I am in possession of all the works of the good Abbé de l'Epée extant, and lately lent the volume to a teacher at an Asylum, where none but the Deaf and Dumb are taught, the last edition of it to read, he having never read it before, when he returned it me with a note, in which he thanked me for the perusal, as he says, of "de l'Epée's excellent and comprehensive little work which I have read with great pleasure and advantage, and in which *the true method of instructing the Deaf and Dumb is clearly exhibited.*"

This gentleman's opinion of the good Abbé's method, is very different from that of Dr. Watson, although equally capable of judging of its merits or demerits. Dr. Watson declares to have passed a heavy censure on the good Abbé's

* The Finger Alphabet is in the hands of our Engraver, and shall be given as soon as it is out of them. ED.

method of educating the Deaf and Dumb, and endeavours to justify himself through the stories of Sicard. To refute the assertions of Dr. Watson, Sicard, and the Encyclopedias, that the good Abbé taught his pupils "words by signs," and not "words by things," and that his pupils were so ignorant when they returned to their parents, as not to be able "to put a single question of their own accord, or answer by more than one word to those put to them." Let us refer to the first chapter, 2nd edition, of the Abbé de l'Epée's "Method of educating the Deaf and Dumb;" where he says—"It is not by the mere pronunciation of words in any language, that we are taught their signification. The words *door*, *window*, &c. in our own, might have been repeated to us hundreds of times in vain; we should never have attached an idea to them, had not the objects designated by these names been shown to us at the same time. A sign of the hand or of the eye, has been the sole means by which we learned to unite the idea of these objects, with the sounds that struck our ears; whenever we heard these sounds, the same ideas arose in our minds, because we recollected the signs made to us when they were pronounced." This clearly proves that the Abbé taught his pupils "words by things;" and in a letter of the Abbé's published in this book, it is shown that his pupils could answer questions in writing, as well as, if not better, than any scholar of Dr. Watson's or Sicard's, as by the following question, which was put by the late learned Dr. Linguet, when he visited the Abbé for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent his system had been carried. After minute examination in every respect, and being perfectly satisfied of the utility of his method, he appeared to have, as it is said, "only one desire left," which was to know whether the Deaf and Dumb scholars "who displayed such sagacity in rendering ideas, communicated by methodical signs were able to define a metaphysical idea." The Abbé adds:—

"To satisfy him in this point, I wrote upon the table, *What do you understand by a metaphysical idea?* While I stood conversing with him, in no pain about the result of the question, one of the scholars presents a solution of it in these terms:—'By metaphysical ideas, I understand ideas of things which are independent of our senses, which are above our senses, which cannot be perceived by our senses, which nowise affect our senses!'"

Can Dr. Watson's pupils answer this question? I have seen many of them, but never met with one who could.

The following observation of an author on this very interesting subject merits attention. He says, "There is room to suspect, indeed, that some of those who have been engaged in it, so far from imitating Bonnet, de l'Epée, and others, by allowing the world at large the knowledge of their advances, or the benefit of their improvements, have, rather, like Heinick, and the teachers at the Asylums of the present day, been desirous of keeping them in obscurity and mystery: and, (to borrow the comparison of a recent writer, upon an occasion not very dissimilar,) like the Jewish Talmudists, who dealt in secret writings of allowing no person to be professed practical conjurers, but the Sanhedrim themselves."

As soon as the Abbé de l'Epée had published his "Method of Education," the tranquillity of all other teachers was disturbed, and produced the same effect as all new inventions which alarm interest and contradict prejudice: the natural consequence of all new discoveries and improvements being always offensive at the beginning, thereby making it extremely difficult to destroy habits deeply-rooted and upheld by prejudice.

To convince the public that the education of the Deaf and Dumb is not beyond the means and power of common charity schools, and to stimulate other schools to try where there is an object to be found, I shall quote an extract from the Liverpool "Report of the Committee of the Methodist Day and Sunday Schools for the year 1822," just published. "Since the publication of their last report, the committee have had their attention directed to the very melancholy situation of those children of the ... who are deprived of the faculty of speech. The lectures of Mr. Humphreys of Claremont, near Dublin, on this subject, first roused the state of the committee to the deplorable state of the Deaf and Dumb, and led them to an active inquiry as to the probable number of such objects amongst the poor in this town. The result was such as to induce them to believe there were considerably more than one hundred in such circumstances. The mode of instruction pointed out by Mr. Humphreys, though he considered it as only applicable to those institutions solely set apart for the instruction of mutes, appeared to the committee so plain and simple, that they were anxious to try the experiment upon a few children; but they were for some time discouraged from the attempt, by the fears of those who seemed best acquainted with

the subject, lest greater harm than good should be the result. But finding no immediate prospect of the formation of an establishment for the purpose of instructing such very interesting objects of charitable feeling, they endeavoured to procure the best printed instructions on this subject. In prosecuting their inquiries for such publications, how were they astonished to find the work explanatory of the art—the simple, the blessed art of instructing the Deaf and Dumb, by the late venerable and ever to be admired Abbé de l'Epée, had been as far as possible suppressed, and the professed teachers, both in France and this country, had not only made it a subject of mystery, but had actually in most instances enjoined those admitted into their seminaries in order to learn the system, not to teach it to others, under a heavy penalty! On applying for the works of the Abbé de l'Epée, not a copy could be purchased either in London or Paris, although a considerable edition of a translation into English of the good Abbé's 'Method of teaching the Deaf and Dumb,' was printed a few years since in London. After diligent inquiry among the booksellers for a copy, none could be procured; and one of the committee was informed, that the whole edition was bought up a few days after it was announced, and thus suppressed. Fortunately the committee met with the work of Mr. Arrowsmith on the 'Method of teaching the Deaf and Dumb,' and this publication so convinced them of its practicability, that they immediately inquired and found out four or five mutes in the neighbourhood of their schools. They determined to take the advice of Mr. Arrowsmith, and to instruct them along with the other boys, in the first instance, merely teaching them the use of the Manual Alphabet, but in other respects giving them no advantage over the other children with whom they mixed. In less than six months after their admission, four of these children could go through their Manual Alphabet, had learned the names and uses of various things, and could write a fair legible hand. Their improvement in writing was far beyond any instance before met with in children who could hear and speak. Four of these five children still remain in the school; the eldest a girl, and the most promising of them, after having learnt to write a fair copy, was taken away by her friends who were Roman Catholics, on which account they would not allow her to continue longer in the school. Of the remaining four, one boy has learned to weave during the last few months, and is remarkably clever at his employment and well pleased with it. Another who is a cripple from an accident he met with when a little child, seems only fit for the occupation of a tailor, in which he is likely to make sufficient progress to enable him to get a livelihood. Of the others no experiment has yet been tried beyond teaching them their letters and to write. The committee, however, are so much encouraged to go on, from the success that has already crowned their exertions, that they shall not hesitate for the future, to take any mutes into their schools along with children who can hear and speak, being confident that in the general schools they can teach them whatever it is necessary the children of the poor should know; namely, their duty to God, their parents, and their neighbourhood; by training them up in habits of industry, and instructing them in their civil and religious obligations, preserve them from many of those moral lapses to which uninstructed youth are liable. To go more into detail on this very interesting subject, would occupy more room than the limits of an annual report would allow; but the committee cannot conclude their observations without acknowledging their great obligations to Mr. Arrowsmith, the author of the book of instructions before referred to, (and who is at present engaged in a translation of the entire works of the Abbé de l'Epée, which it is hoped will very soon be published,) for his very valuable and extensive correspondence, with the committee as well as for his personal attention to them both here and in London."

This fully justifies and proves the utility of the plan, suggested by the reviewer for the Quarterly Review, No. 52, published in March, 1822, in reviewing the work of Mr. Arrowsmith, who says, "The national metropolitan schools, conducted upon Dr. Bell's plan, are opened not only for the instruction of children, but likewise for the reception of young men, who may be sent thither in order to become practically acquainted with the details of a system of tuition, which they may afterwards introduce into other seminaries. We earnestly submit it to the consideration of the governors of the Asylum for the gratuitous instruction of the Deaf and Dumb Poor, whether this establishment might not be opened with great advantage for a similar purpose.

"A residence for two months at this institution would, we are almost certain, enable any young person of ordinary capacity to acquire a competent knowledge of the system there pursued. It would not surely, be unreasonable to require of all the teachers of the national schools, at least

in populous districts, a preparation which would qualify them to undertake the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb with the other children of the more indigent classes. Our common seminaries might then become available for educating children of parents in better circumstances. This would relieve the public from the enormous additional expense, at present unnecessarily incurred in boarding as well as instructing them: and it would save the pupils themselves from the danger, by no means imaginary, of contracting tastes and habits, inconsistent, as we have said, with their subsequent situations. If opulent individuals, to whom the expense is no object, give this preference to institutions exclusively devoted to the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, let their wishes by all means be gratified. Schools of this description will always offer to caprice or prejudice, in favour of the occult system of instructing the Deaf and Dumb, the means of ample indulgence."

Intending to resume the subject, I shall only now observe, that the Alphabet may be taught a Deaf and Dumb Child by any person who knows the 26 letters. Words will suggest themselves—sentences will follow—and a language be acquired in spite of all prejudice.

No apology is necessary for being so prolix; the subject alone demands the particular attention of every one, in behalf of the objects it is intended to benefit. Yours,

A FRIEND TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

APOPHTHEGMS, MAXIMS, &c.

AVOID law-suits; they are fires which men have much ado to extinguish when once kindled.

It is a great act of life to know how to sell air;—that is, to take advantage by giving good words.

Beware of uttering biting jests; the more truth they contain the greater wounds they give, the greater smarts they cause, and the greater scars they leave behind them.

If thou shouldest have the misfortune to be obliged to beg pardon, do it quickly, to avoid the blame of obstinacy.

There is as much difference between *us* and *ourselves*, as between *us* and *others*.

Contradict not, to vex others; it shows an ill temper, and provokes most persons, but profits nobody.

Always take the most pleasant view of a dubious event; at least, side with hopes; for, why should we call in supernumerary ills, antedate those sufferings which we shall too soon undergo, and destroy the happiness of the present time, with superficial views of futurity.

If thou hast knowledge, let others light their candle at it.

Broach not thy odd opinions to such as are not fit to hear them. Thou wilt do them no good by it, perhaps hurt; and mayest well expect discredit and mischief from it to thyself. An ill-placed paradox, and an ill-timed jest, have ruined many.

Such is human life, that thou wilt frequently have need of all the moral virtues, especially of patience. For we are obnoxious to so many infelicities and imbecilities, that if thou dost not accustom thyself to receive and suffer them, as thou dost to eat and drink, thou shalt find constant trouble, instead of tranquillity.

Be prudent and wary, and take heed of being caught, and presume not too much on thine own sufficiency. Men are every jot as easily imposed upon as beasts, birds, and fishes, whilst the eagerness of appetite suspends the exercise of reason. A treat, a bottle of wine, a woman, are the same thing to us, as a worm, a grain of corn, or a bit of flesh, is to those animals. We snap at the bait without ever dreaming of the trap, the snare, or the hook.

Never put it in any one's head to do you a mischief, by acquainting him that it is in his power.

Those are thought to have read much, who speak of it often, which is only a sign of not digesting what they read.—Praise is no match for blame and obloquy, for were the scales even the malice of mankind would throw in the casting weight.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; when a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to do so:—but women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.—Trust none of these.

Man is the only animal that is endowed with the power of laughter: perhaps he is the only one that deserves to be laughed at.

The most fatiguing ill-manners is that which proceeds from an excess of politeness.

Though *good breeding* and *politeness* are generally thought the same, they are qualities very different. *Politeness* is the influence of a natural refinement; *good-breeding* the form of an artificial civility. The last but restrains us from giving offence; the first empowers us to give pleasure. *Politeness* is the happy mixture of greatness with benignity; it is a sunshine from the soul, on the looks, words, and actions. *Good breeding* is often a surface without depth; and like the painter's gay colours on dark primings

spreads a gloss over the outside, even of vice and mean-spiritedness; whereas *politeness*, like the chrystal, is transparent as well as shiny; and always appears lovelier, the fuller light it is placed in.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years may be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Philosophers assert, that nature is unlimited in her operations; that she has inexhaustible treasures in reserve; that knowledge will always be progressive; and that all future generations will continue to make discoveries, of which we have not the least idea.

T. BROWN.

ON EARS, EAR-RINGS, AND EAR-PICKS.

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG the Athenians, it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored, or perforated; and among the Hebrews and Romans, it was an indication of servitude. Suetonius speaks of the beauties of Augustus's ears; and Ælian, describing the beauties of Aspasia's, observes she had short ears. Martial also ranks large ears among the number of deformities. Several naturalists and physicians have held, that cutting off the ear rendered persons barren and unprolific; and this idle notion is what first occasioned the legislators to order the ears of thieves, &c. to be cut off lest they should produce their like. Loss of one ear is a punishment, enacted by 5 and 6 Edward VI. for fighting in a church-yard:

"*Earless* on high stood unabashed Defoe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."
POPE.

The ear-rings worn by the East Indians, both men and women, are of an immense size, among whom it is the fashion to lengthen out the ears, and to enlarge the hole by putting in pendants of the size of saucers set with stones. In the West Indies, Columbus named a certain coast Oreja, because he found people with holes in their ears big enough to pass an egg through. They likewise make holes in their lips and nostrils, and hang pendants at them; which is also practised by the Mexicans and other nations. Ear-picks are instruments of ivory, silver, and any other metal, somewhat in form of a probe, for cleansing the ear. The Chinese are particularly fond of entertaining themselves with picking and tickling their ears; this they do either for themselves, or interchangeably for one another, and have a great number of instruments of peculiar shapes and structure, invented for the purpose.* But Sir Hans Sloane very justly observes, that the use of them seems very prejudicial; for, that among many people in England, who applied to him on account of deafness, the far greater part were thrown into their complaints by too often picking their ears, and thereby bringing humours, or ulcerous dispositions on them. See *Phil. Trans.*, No. 246, page 406. A fellow with only one ear, went into a haberdashers, and asked the woman how much she would charge for a shoe string, that would reach from one of his ears to the other, she said, one penny, and began to take measure, and finding but one, exclaimed, and said she could not see the other; upon which the fellow said he had left it nailed to a pillory, at York;—the poor woman sorely repented her bad bargain, and determined in future never to sell her goods by the *ear* measure.

P. T. W.

ANCIENT BRITISH TORQUES.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—Before I proceed in the retrospective notices, to which I alluded in my last communication, permit me to present to the readers of the MIRROR a short account of an ancient wreath of gold, recently discovered in the vicinity of Cader Idris, in Merionethshire, together with a few observations naturally suggested by the occasion.

It was on the 2nd of last September, that a gentleman, residing near Cader Idris, while grousing in that neighbourhood, discovered the valuable relic in question. At first he was totally ignorant of its nature, and conceived it to be nothing more than a mere iron chain. However, upon sending it to a gentleman in London, it has been ascertained to be pure gold, and, consequently, in all probability, one of the wreaths anciently worn by the Welsh chiefs as marks of distinction. Its weight is twelve ounces, and when fully extended, it measures nearly four feet, and, according to an assay that has been made of it, its intrinsic worth is twenty-five pounds; but, of course, its value as a piece of antiquity is considerably greater. It remains at present, in the possession of the gentleman last alluded to.

This, as far as I have been able to as-

* This custom, (as well as the one with us, of picking teeth after dinner,) I should think "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

certain the fact, makes the fourth of these curious insignia, that have been discovered in Wales during the last hundred and forty years. The first was found at Harlech, in Merionethshire, in 1692, and is of the same length as that I have just described, but weighing only eight ounces. Mr. Pennant, in his *Tour in Wales*,* describes it as "a wreathed rod of gold, about four feet long, with three spiral furrows, with sharp intervening ridges, running its whole length to the ends, which are plain truncated, and turn back like pot-hooks." This *torques*, or *torch*, (to adopt the Welsh name) is, I believe, now the property of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart. Of comparatively late years, two others have been found, one at Dolau Cothi, in Carmarthenshire, and the other near Caerwys, in the county of Flint. The former of these, which is still in the possession of the family of Dolau Cothi, appears to be the largest and most remarkable of the whole, resembling rather a chain than a wreath. Its length is sufficient to encircle the neck several times, and at one extremity of the chain, when found, was the figure of a serpent, also of gold, of very fine workmanship, and which is now, I believe, in the possession of the Antiquarian society. The wreath or chain is, in other respects, of a simple but neat construction, and each link is about an inch in extent: the gold is remarkably pure. Of the *torch* found near Caerwys, I am unable to give any particulars; but it must have been considered of value, as the present Lord Grosvenor gave as much, I believe, as three hundred or four hundred pounds for it. It is at present, of course, in his Lordship's possession.

Such is a cursory account of all these ancient remains, which I can find to have been discovered in Wales. Mr. Pennant notices one of silver, some years ago in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Prescott, of Cambridge, and represents it as a very beautiful one, of considerable length, composed of links of silver wire, elegantly twisted, and fastened at the ends by clasps.†

It seems beyond a doubt, that the custom of wearing the *torques*, whether of gold or silver, is of very high antiquity, and that it was formerly known to other nations besides the first inhabitants of this island. The earliest notice apparently relating to it, occurs in the book of Numbers, (chap. xxxi. ver. 50), where the sacred historian, in enumerating the spoils taken in the conquest of the Midianites, mentions "chains and bracelets," and, as it would appear from the context, of gold. The most positive scriptural testimony on the subject, however, is that of the prophet, Daniel, who says that a chain of gold was, in his time, a mark of high rank at Babylon.* The Roman writers also make several allusions to the *torques*, and especially as having been common amongst the Gauls. Livy, in particular, tells us (lib. 36 chap. xl.), that Publius Cornelius, in a triumph over the Gauls, took as many as 1470 of these ornaments; and Propertius ascribes the use of one to Britomartus, a celebrated chieftain among the same people. Manlius Torquatus, too, the Roman general, it is well known, was so called from the *torques* he won from a distinguished Gaul, whom he had vanquished in single combat. There is ground for believing also, that the practice was not unknown to the Romans themselves. Virgil, when describing the games celebrated by Æneas in Sicily, seems expressly to allude to it in the following passage:—

Cornea bina ferunt præfixa hastilia ferro:
Pars læves humero pharetras; in pectore summo
Flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
Æn. v. 557.

But Pliny, the elder, speaks still more explicitly on the point; for he informs us (lib. 33, chap. ii.), that the Romans bestowed wreaths or chains as military rewards; those of gold on their auxiliaries, and those of silver on their own citizens.

The earliest account we have of the use of the *torques* or *torch* among the Britons is, that by Dio Cassius, who speaks of a very large golden one, which was worn by the celebrated Boadicea, in the middle of the first century. After this period there are no particular notices, of which I am aware, until we come to the wars between the Britons and Saxons, in the fifth and sixth centuries. Aneurin, a poet of the northern Britons, who flourished during this era, and was himself a warrior, describes the march of three hundred and sixty-three chieftains to the battle of Cattraeth, all decorated with the *torques*. The original lines have been thus translated by Gray:—

To Cattraeth's vale, in glittering row,
Twice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link.

Llywarch Hên, a cotemporary bard and a fellow countryman, also tells us, that

* Vol. ii. p. 133.
† Tour in Wales, vol. ii. p. 134.

* See chap. v. ver. 7 and 29. See also the Song of Solomon, chap. i. ver. 10, though, in this latter instance, the chain does not seem to have been worn as a martial emblem.

he had twenty-four sons, who were distinguished by the same martial emblem:

Four and twenty sons have I had,
Wearing the golden wreath,—leaders of armies.

From this period until the twelfth century, the *torch* continued to be worn among the Britons, and their descendants, the Welsh. But about the time last mentioned, the custom was evidently on the decline; for we find, that Llywelyn Aurdorchog, a chieftain of north Wales, who lived during this period, acquired his designation of *Aurdorchog (Auro-torquatus)* from the circumstance of wearing the *torques*, a distinction that would not have been made, had the practice remained as general as in more ancient times. Hence it may reasonably be inferred, that the wreath recently found had lain on the spot, at least, for more than six centuries; and it was, in all probability, lost in one of the conflicts formerly so frequent in the vicinity of Cader Idris.

Although the usage in question has so long ceased, the memory of it is retained, in a proverbial expression, still common in Wales. This is "*Mi dynav y dorch ā thi*," (I will pull the torques with thee), implying a resolution to make any obstinate struggle; from which we may conclude that it was a peculiar disgrace to an ancient British warrior to lose his *torch*, and that, accordingly, he never parted with it until after the most determined resistance.

VENEDOTA.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

A NEW SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

HAIL, St. David! the day of St. David!
Hail St. David! and Wales O!
The bells shall ring,
And the girls shall sing,
And dance on the hills and the dales, O.
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!
Hail to the land of the *leeks*, O!
For the leeks prevail'd,
When the *Danes assail'd*,
And made them *repent* of their freaks, O.
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!
And his *mountains* of *high* renown, O!
And those mountains shall be
Like *liberty's* tree,
What *Despots* can never *pull down*, O.
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!
Llewellyn and bold *Glendower*, O!
And this shall be told,
Like the *Britons* of *old*,
The Taffies remain to this hour, O.
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!
And all of the *leek*-loving band, O!
May joy spread its sails
For the native of Wales,
And *their Prince is the King of this land*, O.

UTOPIA.

THE COMET.

(For the Mirror.)

Dira cometa minans.
Tempora mutantur, &c.—*The times are changed, and so are we.*

THEY say "the world's turn'd upside down,"
Strange things, indeed, are doing;
There's Ferdinand's regain'd his crown,
And **** as yet unwooing.
The farmer with his loaded wain,
Now draws some money from it;
Old times he hopes will come again,
If not—'tis all the comet.

There's Tree in trowsers treads the stage,
And Young's assumed the sock, sir!
There's Fisher, scarce yet "half of age,"
And who has not heard Bochsa?
There's Catalani re-appears,
Much fame may she reap from it;
Some say, 'tis true, she gets in years,
Oh! no—'tis all the comet.

There's Wisdom tilts at all she meets,
For Folly's turn'd her teacher;
And Irving still finds crowded seats,
Oh! what a wondrous preacher.
The country's come to town for health,
And strange, health flies not from it;
And matches made for love, not wealth—
Oh! sure 'tis all the comet.

'Tis said, the tides Diana sways,
And who'll deny it? no man;
So surely have the comet's rays
The same effect on woman.
There's Delia leaves her early bed,
Say, what can drag her from it?
And out at window pops her head,
To gaze upon the comet.

How clear, how bright, I see it move,
'Tis more than I'd expected,
Yon radiant star? that's Venus, love,
Your own fair self reflected.
"Oh! fair, false star," young Delia cries,
As slow she turns her from it;
"Yet one more look," she says and sighs,
And quite forgets the comet.

Why still, fond maiden, linger there?
Go, sleep, for know, between us,
You're not the first by many a fair
Who've been deceived in Venus;
Then let it not your slumbers break,
Yet learn this moral from it—
'Tis *Venus* makes the young heart ache,
And not, I ween, the *comet*.

ALPHEUS.

THE ARMS OF WALES.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—Can any of your numerous correspondents inform me where or what are the arms of Wales? We are acquainted with her badge of the leeks, and the Bohemian feathers, which form the crest of the English princes of Wales; but had her ancient princes no coat-armour? or did Edward find the means of banishing it all from memory? Wales, indeed, has no college of arms, and, therefore, no heraldry like either England, Scotland, and Ireland; and a rogue of a wit at Cambridge would even persuade us that she has no Apollo! A Welsh scholar

having produced an indifferent poem, the following epigram made its appearance:—

"We have heard of Ap-shenkin, Ap-reece, and Ap-shales,
But whoever heard of Ap-ollo in Wales?"

Can this be tolerated, however, of the country of the bards? Where are the ghosts of all that Edward slaughtered, and of so many beside?

"Hear from the grave, great Taliessin hear!"

My wish is, Mr. Editor, (I am no Taffy though,) that Apollo may shine out in Wales; and that we may have Welsh novels, too, to place by the side of the Scotch, is the earnest desire of

I. SAM WELY.

Select Biography.

No. IV.

HENRY HEADLEY.

(Concluded from our last.)

It would be difficult to find a person actuated by keener sensibility than Mr. Headley; his mind was accordingly the genial soil in which friendship took a rapid and a deep root, and soon bore the most delicious fruits. His heart beat with all the tenderness, and his actions displayed all the energetic charities of a son, a brother, a husband, and a friend. When his life was verging towards its close, and the fire of his imagination began to be weakened by his sufferings under a disorder, which it is singular enough, generally seizes as its victims, the most accomplished, interesting, and amiable of our species, his sympathies continued to be ardent and energetic: the kindness of his friends was still one of his favourite and prevailing topics of conversation, and he only ceased to recount the instances of their attachment, when he ceased to breathe.

Considered as a *poet*, he displayed some of the mature fruits, as well as the tender blossoms of genius. His verses were for the most part pleasing, elegant, spirited, and nervous, but generally of a pensive cast: his strains were those of the plaintive nightingale, rather than of the cheerful lark: his poetry was the exact picture of his mind—the image of his genuine feelings: it arose naturally out of the different situations of his life: he was born, and occasionally resided near the sea; he delighted, therefore, to describe those scenes, amid which, in his days of health, he had rejoiced to ramble

"On those lov'd shores where Yare, with ceaseless sweep,
Joins the dark bosom of the fearful deep."

He was a great admirer of good pictures; his taste as a connoisseur suggested to him the following appropriate description, and his gallantry prompted him to convert it into a high and very elegant compliment to a lady:—

"Slaves to the laws of taste, let some admire
Paulo's bold stroke, or vivid Titian's fire;
With critic skill, and just precision, trace
Poussin's learn'd air, or soft Correggio's grace;
In mute amaze let others trembling stand,
And feel the dark sublime of Rosa's hand;
Be mine the task, their varied styles to view,
And mark their blended beauties met in you!"

The excellence at which he aimed in his poetry, and to which he may be fairly said to have attained, consisted in the display of vivid images and vigorous expressions, faithful delineations of nature, and rich melody of versification. The following specimens may serve to confirm these remarks, and it will not be easy to find two poems of the kind, superior to them, in point of sweetness and tenderness. The former has much of the manner of Shakspeare, the latter of Pope:—

TO PHILOMEL.

A FRAGMENT.

No noise I heard, but all was still as death,
Save that at times a distant dying note
Of spirit unseen, or Heaven's minstrelsy,
Would indistinctly meet my ravish'd ear;
Such as was never heard from harp or lute,
Or waked into a voice by human hand,
Ah, Philomel, the strain was thine!

THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

Ye pamper'd favourites of base mankind,
Whether with riches, poor, or learning, blind,
From your distracted views, oh, pause awhile,
And hear a brother's tale without a smile;
And let contrition note how much is due
To all the generous cares I owe to you.
Whilst flatt'ring pomp secure incumbrous state,
His scanty crumbs withheld and barr'd his gate
Nor sullen deign'd with scorn's averted eye
The cheaper tribute of a selfish sigh,
The neediest suppliant of sorrow's train,
For bread I hungering sought, and sought in vain;
Each petty solace thus by you denied
With sleepless watch Fidelio supplied;
When winter, wet with rain, my trembling beard,
My falling tear, he felt, my groan he heard,
When my grey locks at night the wild wind rent
Like withered moss upon a monument,
What could he more? against the pitiless storm
He lent his little aid to keep me warm;
Even now, as parting with his latest breath,
He feels the thrilling grasp of coming death,
With all that fond fidelity of face
That marks the features of his honest race,
His half uplifted eye in vain he moves,
And grasps to lock the helpless hand he loves.

This is in far better taste, and with more correct feeling, than Lord Byron's poem on a similar subject, which will occur to the memory of most of our readers. Headley was a scholar of no ordinary attainments: he was familiar with

the Greek tragedians, and well skilled in Latin composition, and his works are enriched with critical and illustrative remarks drawn from these and other classical sources.

His collection of the *twenty-nine* biographical sketches of the old English poets, may be considered as a rich cabinet of exquisite portraits, finished with all the truth and spirit of a Vandyke. They possess a peculiar delicacy of touch and fidelity of character. The colours are vivid, and the features discriminated with the greatest precision. We have only to regret that there are no more compositions of the kind from the same masterly hand.

We cannot better conclude this memoir, than with the following stanzas to the memory of Headley, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, M. A., which do much credit, both to the head and heart of the author:—

To every gentle muse in vain allied,
In youth's full early morning Headley died!
Ah! long had sickness left her pining trace,
Rueful and wan on each decaying grace;
Untimely sorrow touch'd his thoughtful mien!
Despair upon his languid smile was seen!
Yet resignation, musing on the grave,
(When now no hope could cheer, no pity save,)
And virtue that scarce felt its fate severe,
And pale affliction dropping soft a tear,
For friends belov'd from whom she soon must part,
Breath'd a sad solace on his aching heart.
Nor ceas'd he yet to stray, where, winding wild,
The Muse's path his drooping steps beguil'd,
Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time;
And cull each scatter'd sweet, that seem'd to smile,
Like flowers upon some long-forsaken pile.
Far from the murmuring crowd, unseen, he sought
Each charm congenial to his sadden'd thought,
When the grey morn illum'd the mountain's side,
To hear the sweet bird's earliest song he hied:
When meekest eve to the fold's distant bell
Listen'd, and bade the woods and vales farewell;
Musing in tearful mood, he oft was seen
The last that linger'd on the fading green.
The waving wood, high o'er the cliff reclin'd,
The murmuring waterfall, the winter's wind,
His temper's trembling texture seem'd to suit,
Like airs of sadness the responsive lute.
Yet deem not hence the social spirit dead,
Tho' from the world's hard gaze his feelings fled;
Firm was his friendship, and his faith sincere,
And warm as pity's, his unheeded tear,
That wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate,
By fortune's storms left cold and desolate.
Farewell!—yet be this humble tribute paid
To all thy virtues, from that *social shade*
Where once we sojourn'd,—I alas! remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
That fled neglected.—Wisely thou hast trod
The better path; and that high meed, which God
Ordain'd for virtue, tow'ring from the dust,
Shall bless thy labours' spirit! pure and just!

EDGAR.

CATALANI.

MADAME ANGELICA CATALANI, who was born at Sinigaglia, in the Roman States, in 1780, was educated at the convent of Gubio, where her exquisite voice soon rendered her so conspicuous, that the nuns, jealous of her superiority, succeeded in getting her prohibited from singing in the church. At the age of fourteen, she quitted the convent, and made such rapid progress in music, that she soon ventured to compete with the two famous singers, Marchesi and Crescentini. She shone successively at the theatres of Venice, Milan, Florence, and Rome; and was then invited to Lisbon, where she remained four years, with a pension of twenty-four thousand cruzados. She next proceeded to Madrid, with letters of recommendation to the queen, who loaded her with favours. One concert which she gave in that capital produced upwards of three thousand guineas. England was the next theatre of her exertions; and during her first stay here, she is said to have earned more than £50,000. She afterwards visited all the different courts of Europe, and was every where received with a degree of distinction and liberality never before, perhaps, experienced by any public singer.

At Berlin, she received a complimentary letter from the King of Prussia, written with his own hand, accompanied by the grand medal of the Academy.

The Emperor of Austria presented her with a superb ornament of opal and diamonds; and the magistracy of Vienna, to manifest their sense of her charitable contributions to the institutions of that capital, struck a medal to her honour.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia, on her departure from St. Petersburgh, embraced her at parting, and loaded her with rich presents, consisting of a girdle of diamonds, and other ornaments. During the four months she remained in St. Petersburgh, she realised fifteen thousand guineas!

The late King of Wirtemberg was so captivated with her singing, that on his death, which happened soon after her arrival at Stutgard, her name was among the last words he uttered.

One of the most striking characteristics of Madame Catalani's voice, is—force. Indeed, distance is absolutely indispensable to the true enjoyment, to forming a true notion of this wonderful woman's powers. All her effects are calculated to operate through a vast space; and on persons near to her, the impression is often overpowering. At a rehearsal at the Argyll Rooms, young Linley was so astonished with the grandeur with which

XUM

the song of *Della Superba Roma* burst from her lips, that forgetting his own task, he played a wrong note, and on being rebuked for it by the fair syren, he fainted, and dropped from his seat!

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ALMACK'S ON FRIDAY.

"THE peculiar beauty of the British constitution, Sir, consists in this," said an opposition member to M. Cottu: "every man, however humble his origin, may aspire to the highest honours of the state. Thus it is that industry and talents are excited: all men feel an interest in the fabric, and therefore no men league to overthrow it." The senator might have extended his eulogium. This aptitude for high places is not confined in England to the senate, the pulpit, and the bar. The posts of fashion are as open to attack as the office of Lord High Chancellor; and it is not a little amusing to observe the straits to which people of ton are driven to avoid a contact with *les Bourgeois*. Bath, in the days of Beau Nash, was a resort for the great: so was Tunbridge Wells:—the North-parade and the Pantiles are now deserted. "The Moor is at the gate," and no Christian can be seen there. Ranelagh, the *ci-devant* "third heaven" of beauties of high life, is levelled with the dust. In vain did the Court make it unfashionable to be seen there before eleven. The East outbid the West, and would not enter till half-after that hour. Fashion withdrew in disgust, and Ranelagh perished. A very few years ago, an autumn at Brighton was by no means an unfashionable affair. But, alas! in rushed all Cheapside, with the addition of Duke's-place. Coy fashion took flight, and, when the coast was clear, resettled upon the Steine at Christmas. This had all the appearance of a decisive victory. But not so: hardly were her tents pitched, when the populous East "poured from her frozen loins" an army of brokers, brewers, and broad-cloth venders, to shiver for a month upon the East Cliff. Old Dixon, of Savage-gardens, was destined to be added to the frost-bitten fraternity. His neighbour Culpepper, who must likewise follow the fashion, called upon the worthy citizen, and found him in a sorry nankeen kind of tenement, on the Marine-parade, gazing upon vacancy from out a bow-window, which let in the winds from three points of the compass, until they inflated his carpet into the shape of a demi-balloon. "Well," said the visitor to his host, "I never thought you, of all people, would have chosen to put in to Brighton at this time of the year." "I did not choose to put in," answered Dixon; "I was driven in by stress of wife. I really do not know what people of distinction are to do next; for if turkey, chine, plum-pudding, galante-show, and twelfth-cake will not keep citizens in town, nothing will. To what Libyan desert, what rocky island in the watery waste, is high life now to retreat? Saint Helena may do, the distance is too great to allow of men of business frequenting it; they cannot well run down from Saturday to Tuesday: but I decidedly think that nothing short of it will be effectual. The Island of Ascension is too full of turtle: the whole court of aldermen would be there, to a dead certainty.

There is a dancing-establishment in King-street, St. James's-square, called *Almack's*. The proprietor of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patronesses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly. Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection; consequently "their nods men and gods keep in awe." The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday during the season. This is selection with a vengeance, the very quintessence of aristocracy. Three-fourths even of the nobility knock in vain for admission. Into this *sanctum sanctorum*, of course, the sons of commerce never think of intruding on the sacred Wednesday evenings; and yet into this very "blue chamber," in the absence of the six necromancers, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude themselves. I proceed to narrate the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of tradesmen's ladies, held at the King's-head Tavern in the Poultry, Lady Simms in the chair, it was resolved, in order to mortify the proud flesh of the six occidental countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be forthwith established, to meet on every Friday evening: that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring of his rooms: that the worthy chairwoman, with the addition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Wells. and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady patronesses to govern the establishment: that those ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation round the most fashionable part of the city, and that no residents beyond that circle be, on any account, entitled to subscriptions. The six lady patronesses, who originated these resolutions, dwell in the most fashionable part of the city, viz.

Lady Simms, in Cornhill, Lady Brown, in Mansion-house-street, Lady Roberts, in Birchin-lane, Mrs. Chambers, in Throgmorton-street, Mrs. Wells, in Copthall-court, and Miss Jones, in Bucklesbury. It is astonishing with what rapidity the subscriptions filled; and the governesses of the establishment have acted with great circumspection in confining the amusement to none but their upper circles. The chief members are warehousemen and wholesale linen-drapers, with, of course, their wives and daughters. The original plan was to exclude all retail trades; but, as this would have made the ball rather *too* select, the scheme was abandoned. Grocers dealing both wholesale and retail, silversmiths, glovers, packers, dyers, and paper-stainers, are admissible, provided their moral characters be unimpeachable, and their residences be not too eastward. Some discord has arisen in consequence of black-balling a very reputable pawnbroker in East Smithfield. West Smithfield is within the line of demarcation, but not East; and the exhibiter of three blue balls, who has been thus rejected, complains loudly that he is thrust aside to make room for a set of vulgar innholders and cattle-keepers from Smithfield in the West. But to squalls like this the best-regulated establishments are liable. The line of demarcation includes Bow-lane, Queen-street, and Bucklersbury, on the south side of Cheapside; and King-street, the Old Jewry, and St. Martin's-le-Grand, on the north; but not a step beyond. The consequence is, that in the regions of Fore-street, Cripplegate, and Moorfields, northward, and in those of Watling-street, Old Fish-street, and Tower-royal, southward, a great mass of disaffection has been engendered. Wardmotes have been called, select vestries have been summoned, and special meetings have been convened; but *Almack's on Friday* flourishes notwithstanding. In the delivering out of subscriptions, I have heard it whispered that some tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue preferences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest of the creditors. Lady Simms's husband is a lottery-office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say" that young men have but slender prospects of admission if they omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Mansion-house-street; let no man who hopes to visit Almack's on Friday seek his spermaceti in any other shop. Sir Ralph Roberts is a wholesale ironmonger in Birchin-lane; I have never heard that he is open to corruption in the way of trade; but he and Lady Roberts have six grown-up daughters, and the subscriber who fails to dance with them all in one night, may look in vain for a renewal of his subscription. Mrs. Chambers's helpmate is a tailor. A rule has recently crept into the establishment that no gentleman shall be attired otherwise than in the old school of inexpressibles terminating at the knee. This regulation (which I believe originated with Mrs. Chambers) has been productive of much confusion. The common attire of most of the young men of the present day is trowsers. These are uniformly stopped at the door, and the unhappy wearer is forced either to return home to redress, or to suffer himself to be sewed up by a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company, who attends in a private room for that purpose. This ceremony consists in doubling up the trowsers under the knee, and stitching them in that position with black silk: the culprit is then allowed to enter the ball-room, with his lower man strongly resembling one of those broad immoveable Dutch captains who ply in the long room at the Custom-house. It sometimes happens that the party, thus acted upon by the needle, little anticipating such a process, has worn white under-stockings, and a pair of half black-silk upper-hose reaching but to the commencement of his calf. The metamorphosis, in these cases, is rather ludicrous, inasmuch as the subscriber reappears with a pair of black and white magpie legs, and looks as if he had by accident stepped ancle deep into a couple of ink-bottles. These poor fellows are necessarily forced, by the following Friday, to furnish themselves with a new pair of *shorts*. I am afraid Mrs. Chambers is at the bottom of all this. I have never heard of any corrupt motive having been assigned to Mrs. Wells; and Miss Jones is a maiden lady of forty-four, living upon a genteel independence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AFFECTING INCIDENTS.

As a party were proceeding up the river on Sunday, in passing Isharah, their attention was attracted by the cries of a child, and on drawing near the shore they were redoubled. Near her there was lying a heap of ashes, not quite extinguished, and which appeared like the remains of a recent concremation. A number of children were standing near her, and at a little distance three or four

grown-up people looking on very contentedly. An inquiry was made by a humane individual of the party from whence the cause of her distress proceeded, and it was some time before an answer could be obtained. At length it was ascertained that the ashes were those of the funeral pile on which the mother of this unfortunate child had immolated herself along with the dead body of her husband, and that the lamentations of the child were occasioned by this cause. This circumstance certainly is a singular one, but I have no doubt that it is true, for the account of it was given me by one of the party, and by the individual who interested himself in the manner I have just described.

In the course of conversation on the subject, the following circumstance was mentioned as a proof of the good effects of the *friendly* interference of Europeans in preventing the immolation of human victims. A bearer who had lived for a long time in a family was taken ill, and was on the point of being carried to the banks of the river, for the purpose of being given over to the friendly care of the Ganges to be conveyed to heaven: before he was conveyed there, however, he requested to be allowed to speak to his old mistress; and on being taken to her, he begged her to interfere to procure for him a respite of three days. On her interfering, some remarks were made by his friends as to the expense which would be incurred if they were to comply with this request. His mistress promised to pay all the expenses that might be incurred, and the result is, that the man, who was so near death five or six years ago, is now alive in Calcutta, in the daily execution of his business.

These circumstances are thus narrated, to prove that the friendly interposition of individuals is of infinitely more value than all the official interposition of magistrates; and that the prejudices of the natives, although they may be eradicated by kindness, can never be forcibly rooted out with any prospect of success.—*Calcutta, August* 11, 1823.

Miscellanies.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

On her having opened a Gate to me.

Just such a form, with wings of gold,
And wreaths of roses, I shall see
Wait my last moments, and unfold
The gates of Paradise to me!

Heaven speaks in signs. The watery bow,
To banish fear from earth was given;
And thou Maria, to foreshow
The beauty that inhabits Heaven!

POPE AND SWIFT.

POPE, notwithstanding his diminutive and mishapen figure, is said to have been not a little susceptible of even personal vanity; as he was one day asking Swift what people thought of him in Ireland? "Why," said Swift, "They think that you are a very little man, but a very great poet." Pope instantly retorted, with some acrimony, "And, in England they think of you, exactly the reverse."

PRINCESS AMELIA.

THE Princess Amelia, sister to his late majesty, being in the rooms at Bath, remarked a certain Captain in the army, of a most uncommon height. On inquiry, she was not only told his name and family; but, likewise, that he had been originally intended for the church. "Rather, I should suppose, for the steeple!" replied her royal highness.

STOOP! STOOP!

THE celebrated Dr. Franklin, of America, once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates, in a letter to his son, Dr. S. Mather, dated Passey, May 12th, 1781. "The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, shewed me a shorter way out of the house by a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over-head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind and I turning towards him, when he said hastily 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him till I found my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you: learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps!' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

REUBEN ROUZY, of Virginia, was indebted to General Washington about one thousand pounds. While he was President of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money—judgment was obtained—and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of pro-

perty cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the proprietor. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him, that, perhaps General Washington did not know any thing of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of his circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia (after the arrival of his petition in that city), brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was in consequence restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labours of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the one thousand pounds with the interest, at the feet of this truly, truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged. Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the Father of their country, and preserver of their parent, could never be discharged; and the General to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he did immediately. ANDREW.

MAN.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—In Saint Saviour's Church, Southwark, you will find the first twelve lines of the poem (in your last Mirror) entitled "Man." They compose an epitaph upon Richard Humble, his two wives and children, which Pennant calls a pretty and moral inscription. This church is filled with relics, but now fast decaying, and there the contemplative loiterer may pass in pleasing reverie many an hour. P. T. W.

AN IRONICAL ORDER TO A COAL MERCHANT.

CHALDRONS three, you'll please to send,
To an old and constant friend:
Mind you let the measure lack,
Half a bushel in each sack.
For I never like to see,
Honest measure sent to me.
Please to send some tiles and stones,
Broken plates, and knobs, and bones,
Lest the coals should be too good,
And consume as fast as wood,
Bid your men pick out the small
Coals, and dust, and send 'em all:
Then when mix'd with bricks and slates,
Please me well in polish'd grates.
Let your ticket bear a name,
Whence the diamonds never came;
And the rogue who metes 'em swear,
That my measure's full and fair.
Don't forget to charge enough
For your load of paltry stuff.

Useful Domestic Hints.

INDELIBLE, OR PERMANENT INK.

TAKE of nitrated silver, *i. e.* lunar caustic, five scruples; best gum arabic, six scruples; sap green, one scruple; fresh rain water (boiled) two table spoonsful.

Dissolve the gum arabic and sap green in the water; then add the lunar caustic, which should be previously rubbed to powder.

Keep the ink in a phial with a glass stopper.

THE PREPARATORY LIQUID.

TAKE of caustic soda (marine or mineral fixed alkali, natron), one ounce; to be dissolved in four table spoonsful of boiling rain water. To be kept in a well-stopped phial.

METHOD OF USE.

WITH the Preparatory Liquid, by means of a feather or a camel's-hair brush, wet that part of the linen on which the Permanent Ink is to be used. When it is quite dry, rub it smooth with the bowl of a table spoon, and, with a common pen, write with the ink, but on such part of the linen *only* as has been wetted with the soda solution. Expose it to the air for a few minutes; and if it be when the sun can shine on it, the blackness will be increased.

The above quantity of the ink is sufficient for the usual purposes of a family of five or six persons for seven years.

RECIPE FOR SINKING SPIRITS.

TAKE gum-ammoniac, one drachm; assafœtida, half-a-drachm; dissolved and mixed in six ounces of penny-royal water; add to this mixture half an ounce of syrup of saffron, and take two spoonsful twice or thrice a day.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

IMPROMPTU.

Addressed to a Young Lady who was going to be married to a Mr. Gray.

THY beauteous graces oft I've told,
No fairer form than thine,
Tresses more rich in flowing gold,
No eyes of brighter shine.

XUM

Where are thy blooming graces sped?
My spirits droop away,
With all thy *virgin* graces fled,
To see the TURNING GRAY.

VALENTINE.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh Maria, Maria, the spring is advancing,
All nature is blooming, birds sing on each spray;
How blest should I be with a form so entrancing,
And a heart like your own on sweet Valentine's day.
The thought how extatic my love to disclose,
To you, dearest maid, and St. Val to declare it;
In thy bosom to place, I wou'd offer a rose,
With a promise the thorns should ne'er rankle or tear it.
But if you shou'd doubt me and place no belief,
Oh pluck not the rose from the stem of the tree:
But leave it to wither, and drop leaf by leaf,
As a punishment due for its falsehood to thee.
R—E.

MITCHELL, ON THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Beauties and faults so thick lie buried here,
Those I could read, if these were not so near.

THOMSON IN ANSWER.

Why all not faults, injurious Mitchell, why
Appears one beauty, to thy blasting eye?

INSCRIPTION ON A BELL.

(For the Mirror.)

To call the folks to church in time
I chime;
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing
I ring;
When from the body parts the soul
I toll.

The industrious Aubrey tells us, that Shakspeare took the humour of the Constable, Dogberry, in Much Ado about Nothing, from an actual occurrence which happened at Crendon, in Bucks, during one of the poet's journeys between Stratford and London, and that the Constable was living at Crendon when Aubrey first went to Oxford, which was about the year 1642.

Latour Maubourg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master; "you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

The Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, frequently made mention of "radical words." After the sermon two bed makers were walking together out of the church, when one was heard to observe, "I say, Jack, how he touched up the Radicals, didn't he?"

MAIL COACH GUARDS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir,—The Guard of the Exeter and Plymouth coach leaves London (we will suppose) on Monday evening, he arrives at Exeter on Tuesday evening, starts for Plymouth on Wednesday morning, and reaches it the same evening. Leaves for London on Thursday morning, and arrives in Bull and Mouth street on Friday evening.

He has been absent from London four days and four nights, during which time he has travelled *four hundred and forty-four miles*, and rested two nights and one day. This he continues to do every four days, or about ninety-one times in the course of a year, amounting in that time to *forty thousand four hundred miles* and upwards.

There are guards now on the road who have held their situations upwards of ten years, and during that time (allowing for illness and other casualties) they must each have travelled the astonishing number of *four hundred and four thousand* miles.

A. B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles given to the Printer for insertion this week are unavoidably deferred to our next.

Alpheus was received.

T. E. Cooper shall be heard in behalf of British Seamen. If he turns to the article he will find it was not original, but part of the Spirit of Public Journals.

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